

BALLADE OF THE SOUSAPHONE.

WHAT breathes upon the stilly night
Some sweet, but not assertive air,
Of "Annie Laurie," or "The Flight
Of Ages," or "Rienzi's Prayer"?
What whispers of the false Adair,
And lifts a wild elusive moan
For "Ailsa," moribundly fair?
It is the sad, sweet Sousaphone.

Full well I wis, some soulful wight
Thus seeks a short surcease from
care;
Indeed, I know the man by sight,
A foreign gentleman with hair.
Beneath a gas lamp in the square
He stands, unfriended and alone,
And wrings a penetrating blare
From out the sad, sweet Sousaphone.

He entertains, if I am right,
A lively hope that here and there
Some passer-by may mark his plight
And give him sixpence or a pair
Of faded boots the worse for wear;
And yet, if all the truth were known,
Such guerdons must be passing rare
To players on the Sousaphone!

Minstrel, I conjure thee, forbear!
That instrument, profusely blown
Would make a Christian Brother
swear;
A murrain on thy Sousaphone!

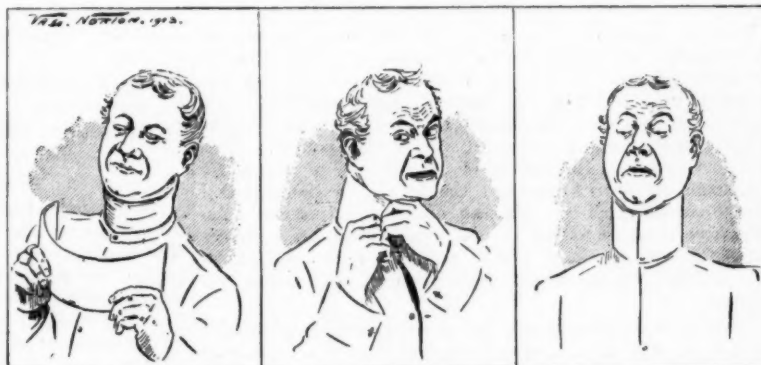
UNDER the heading of "The Police
Courts," last Friday the *Daily Telegraph*
stated that there had been "1,600 oysters
condemned." Not without trial, of
course, for this is the Land of Liberty
and the right shop for Justice. But
who tried them? Where is he now?



LAST PERFORMERS AT THE CAIETY THEATRE WHO BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE.

HOOPING THE HOOP.

(A Study in Expressions.)



ENTERING.

IN THE MIDDLE.

THROUGH.

THIRD QUARTER.

(From "Young Moore's Almanack for 1903.")

JULY.

A MARRIAGE will take place at the end
of this month which will have a great
influence on the lives of two people.
Several streets will be up in London,
and many horses will be down.

Variety will be the keynote of the
weather.

AUGUST.

The first few days of this month will
be a period of great excitement in
London. The Banks and nearly all
the shops will be closed on August 3,
and hundreds of families will hurriedly
leave town. Many will take refuge in
the theatres, which will be open, but
YOUNG MOORE is glad to say that by the

end of the week the people will nearly
all be back and business resumed as
usual.

This month we may look for very
different kinds of weather.

SEPTEMBER.

YOUNG MOORE would not be surprised
if Death were to visit Glasgow this
month, and it is just possible he might
call at Edinburgh on his way South.
Several men will be recruited for the
Army, which will cause great satisfac-
tion in military circles.

The weather might be fine at first,
but YOUNG MOORE thinks that "Varied"
is the word for this month.

AD MÆCENATEM.

KING ARTHUR, of the CECIL breed,
Pride of my party which you lead!
Some love to test the motor's power
At five-and-twenty miles an hour,
As onwards to the Clouds they ride,
With something more than human pride.
One, when his money-bag expands
Enriched by "Afric's golden sands";
At plaudits from the fickle crowd
Another smiles, elate and proud.
No lure, though rich, can wheedle back
The lonely ploughman from his track.
The merchant, leaving rest deferred,
Fits straightway forth Shamrock the
Third.

The connoisseur of choicest wines
Nowhere save at the C— dines.
Many defy the cold and damp,
And do a week or so in camp.
Some sigh for summer to be gone,
Again the huntsman's coat to don.
I, who the keener air have smelt
Of "the illimitable veldt,"
Leaving such vulgar tastes alone,
Strike out a programme of my own,
Which, if no misadventure mars,
I hope will raise me to the stars.

SHOULD THERE BE MUSIC DURING MEALS?

OPINIONS OF EXPERTS.

"If music mates with love of food, play on."—*Bacon.*

HERR RICHARD STRAUSS writes:—"The employment of orchestras at meal times opens up endless new vistas to the writer of 'programme' music. I have just completed a new suite entitled, '*Hebe and Ganymede*,' occupying two hours in performance, each movement of which is contrived to coincide in length and treatment with a fresh course. Thus in the soup section the wooing of the turtle is suggested by a passage for four flutes, and the 'bird' is richly scored with *bravura* passages for the oboes and piccolo. An expressive *tremolando* for violins heralds with an anticipatory shiver the advent of the ice pudding, and a strepitous *coda* in the Finale greets the arrival of the coffee and liqueurs."

SIR HUBERT PARRY writes from the Royal College of Music:—"I have long been a believer in the efficacy of music at meals, and in proof thereof beg to send you the score of my incidental music to the *Roast Pair of Sirens*."

LORD GRIMTHORPE writes:—"As a convinced 'mealer,' I am of opinion that if people are not to drink between breakfast and lunch, or between lunch and dinner, the meals themselves should be made as melodiously attractive as possible. Let our motto therefore be, 'Drink to me only with thine ears.'"

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR writes:—"The only objection I have to music at meal times is this. When I hear music, being of a very emotional Celtic temperament, I am irresistibly impelled to sing. The last time this happened I was eating a plover's egg. Me dear boy, I nearly had a spasm of the glottis!"

The proprietor of the Quick Lunch Restaurant in the Strand writes:—"We find that it accelerates our already almost incredible pace if the '*Turkish Patrol*,' or some other rapid march is played during the five minutes in which our 1,000 regular customers enjoy their mid-day meal."

SUNNY JIM writes:—

"Of Melody 'Force' has no need:
Life's full of music as you feed."

MESSRS. PEARCE AND PLENTY write:—"We have solved the great difficulty without much trouble and with some profits. An automatic musical box stands in the centre of all our principal dining saloons. This is set in motion by the insertion of a penny in the slot, and it plays for two minutes. Hence it follows that if one of our patrons wants music he has but to procure it. We commend the plan to the notice of the Carlton and Lockhart's."

The Manager of SCOTT'S writes:—"We always have bagpipes during dinner."

MR. HENRY BIRD writes:—"You ask 'Should there be music during meals?' But what of the converse—should there be meals during music? It seems to me that to offer music at a restaurant is a confession of failure on the part of the *chef*. Our music at the St. James's Hall concerts would have to be bad indeed before we provided the extra inducement of food to go with it."

The Manager of SWEETING'S writes:—"Our Musical Grill has been a great success."

MR. WILLIAM HARRIS writes:—"Speaking as the Sausage King, I may say that I do not favour music with meals. Speaking *ex officio*, or, as one might say, *ex cathedra*, I must confess to liking a tune as I eat."

MR. J. P. SOUSA writes:—"There is no doubt that the nearer the trombone the sweeter the meat."

The Proprietor of the "Cheshire Cheese" writes:—"My

customers do not care for music with their meals—beyond that is, the singing of the larks and whistling of the oysters in Ye Pudding."

DR. HANS RICHTER writes:—"My favourite composers at meals are STEPHEN ADAMS, LAWRENCE KELLIE, and HOPE TEMPLE."

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON writes:—"I have always found that the performance of Elegiac music during meal times has a most eupeptic influence."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

As the violet turns its gentle head aside from the inquisitive bluster of the March wind, so, as all the world knows, Miss MARIE CORELLI shrinks from being dragged before the public for advertisement purposes designed by self or others. My Baronite shudders when he thinks of the pain that will be wrought in an inoffensive breast by the doubtless well-meant effort of Messrs. COATES and WARREN-BELL, joint authors of *Marie Corelli* (HUTCHINSON). The volume is, to tell the truth, a fulsome eulogy, varied by tiresome summaries of plots of the lady's novels. The latter may be skipped, the reader hurrying on to passages where he is told that "Miss CORELLI was the observed of all observers at the luncheon held in the House of Peers (*sic*) after the Abbey ceremonial, not for her dress but for her fame." This fame, we read on a later page, has its penalties. "The Stratford cabmen, taking visitors round the old town, often pull up opposite Mason Croft to allow their fares to gaze upon the residence of the popular writer." This is pitiful stuff, and natural distaste for it increases when one thinks of Miss CORELLI happening upon it.

MRS. CHARLES BROOKFIELD'S novel, *The Diary of a Year* (EVELEIGH NASH, London) has, the Baron's Assistant reports, amongst many other merits this conspicuous one—that the story retains its hold on the reader in spite of the difficulty she has imposed on herself by casting it in diary form. Mrs. BROOKFIELD avoids monotony because she writes well, and has a rare gift for making her characters live and move. She knows the world, and her touch, though it is light, is very sure.

My Nautical Retainer writes:—"The Way Back (CONSTABLE), by ALBERT KINROSS, leaves me with the impression of a youngish man gifted with a natural strength, on which he fails to impose that right restraint which one associates with the better class of giant. This is not to mistake his outspoken candour for coarseness, but only to imply an excess of energy not always under control. He makes his chief character designedly theatrical; but even so, too loose a rein is allowed to his utterances. In *Bartol*'s lips the author's own lavish eloquence often comes perilously near the verge of sheer rant. His fierce and torrential indictment of the methods of popular halfpenny journalism exceeds even the compass of Miss CORELLI. But when he can tear himself away from this red recurrent rag of a theme, he treats his matter with relative sanity. *Climsell* is an excellent study in obscure erudition and dog-like fidelity. The character of *Hertha* is drawn throughout with a very tender understanding, notably in the scene, most humanly dramatic of all, where she reveals the cause that determines her to abandon her projected flight with *Bartol*. The story has too much good stuff in it for so short a book; there is material in *Bartol*'s previous career for another volume of at least the same size. Indeed, the book largely consists of a series of dramatic episodes and swift characterisations lightly strung together: and apart from the final catastrophe might almost be staged as it stands. And a very attractive play it would make."

THE B. DE B.-W.

THE "DAILY WIRELESS."

[A daily paper, giving the latest news by means of Marconigrams, is soon to become a regular feature of life on the Transatlantic boats.]

(Editorial Note to the "Daily Wireless" of April 2, 1904.—"Owing to the large number of messages transmitted simultaneously to-day, the publication of this journal has been a task of some difficulty. Apparently many of the messages are private greetings to passengers from their friends on shore. Since we cannot disentangle them from the news items intended for the *Daily Wireless*, we are compelled to print the Marconigrams as received. They are still more complicated by the fact that certain orders intended for a cruiser somewhere in the Atlantic have been tapped by our recorder.")

London, April 1.—The share market is quiet as a whole, but there is a slight depression in your new woollen vests which are in the black portmanteau, and do be careful to see that there is no truth in the reported Armenian massacre. On the contrary, the best relations are said to have caught measles again, and Uncle JACK vows that the KING received the Right Honourable Gentleman in private audience. Puddleton Rovers beat the extravagant consumption of gold leaf and paint which my Lords cannot sanction because card-sharpers are always found on liners, DICK, and you promised solemnly that the House of

Lords rose at ten minutes to six. In answer to a question upon the subject the Home Secretary said that he would put up with it no longer, and EMILY declared a dividend of 5 per cent. Repeat code word, my Lords say scaramouch. Scaramouch. Scaramouch. Well,

formance. It's no good wiring to me for cash, if you choose you can turn to Mr. AUSTIN's new poem which deals with the unexpected slump in Eldorados and is backed freely for a place. Miss COURCY has just called and she looked sweet in a blue wall-paper with a grey

frieze but the London County Council refuses to renew the licence. Yours unintelligible, and my Lords think Xenophon, plumbago, fusee, as in cipher code provided with quite the most lovely bracelet set with a succession of north-easterly winds. Take daffodils from front and send to German EMPEROR whose movements must not exceed fifteen knots under artificial draught. Crabwise—inkpot—sobriety—anti-cyclone—dinner party—goals—policy...

(Editorial Postscript.—

"Our recorder has temporarily broken down. We hope, however, to publish this journal tomorrow at the usual hour. When we reflect that its contents have been flashed across hundreds of miles of ocean, we begin faintly to realise the enormous boon which wireless telegraphy has conferred upon the human race!")



ONE FOR HIS BREAD-BASKET.

Working-man "CALL THIS FAIR TRADE, HITTING ME BELOW THE BELT?"
J-s-ph Ch-m-b-l-n. "ALL FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, MY FRIEND!"

it is in the new handbook, and if you cannot translate authorised cipher my Lords urge that you are such a duck, and must be vaccinated on Tuesday. Scaramouch. Oh, my darling popsy-wopsy, your own teeny wants you because second-grade goods are in brisk demand and details as to working of boilers must be sent to Admiralty for a crowded house and a successful per-

On the occasion of a banquet given at Kiel by the United States Ambassador the KAISER (who had discarded the "complete suit of oilskins" worn at the Regatta) made use of the remarkable expression:—"Blood is thicker than water." It is anticipated that this epoch-making phrase will now pass into the language.

FLODDEN FIELD-DAY.

A TRAGEDY IN BLANK PROSE; BY MR. PUNCH'S PRIVATE LAUREATE.

ACT II.

SCENE—*The Gallery at Ford Castle, as before.* MARGERY.
To her enter DONALD.

Margery (*surprised*). What—back again? In Act the First, I thought, You and your troop had marched to fight at Flodden, Chanting Earl SURREY's rough-hewn battle-song?

Donald. That is the case—but, when I reached my post, I found that, by some whimsy oversight, I'd left my pocket-handkerchief at home.

Marg. I *knew* you would not stay behind! 'Tis Man's In this resisting world to breast aside A sea of opposites, wave after wave ('Take arms against' was Hamlet's metaphor—But SHAKESPEARE's smiles are so sadly mixed!) I had a dream of happiness to tell you . . . But p'raps you've hardly time to hear it now?

Don. (*with tender gallantry*). Nay, pour it into my attentive ear, Which—howsoever I were pressed for time—Is ever open to a dream of yours!

Marg. I dreamed, then, we were dwelling—you and I—Happy together in vast marbled halls, With serfs and liveried vassals at our side.

Don. All this shall be—wait till the clouds roll by! Meanwhile I start, once more, to do—or die!

Marg. (*detaining him*). Take first this talisman from Palestine, 'Tis a sure charm against mosquito bites, Nervous collapse, sciatica—and sword-strokes.

Don. (*taking it*). I'll not say no—such household remedies Should be in every canny warrior's kit. [*Exit.*]

Lady Heron (*enters by another door as DONALD goes out; to MARG.*). Have you seen SURREY?

Marg. He but just now burst Upon the tower where I stood to scan If he were yet in sight.

Lady H. (*puzzled*). How very odd! Why, when he left for Flodden, I could swear That he had quite forgotten—(*With a flash of insight*) Ah! I see! He sent his apparition streaming up The turret-stair, like to the Royal Standard, To take that bird's-eye survey in his stead.

Marg. (*demurely*). Well, for a phantom, he was most polite; Told me my young eyes were more clear than his, Gramercy! he's a pleasant gentleman! Though I've been well brought-up and just betrothed, He'd such a way with him, that, on the whole, 'Twas perhaps as well that DONALD was not nigh!

Lady H. Now that you've learnt the charm of SURREY's wraith, You can indulge my weakness for its owner! But what's that stir without? Run, child, and see!

[*Exit MARGERY, and forthwith returns.*]

Marg. A wandering minstrel in the hall below Requests to see you—on important business.

Lady H. 'Tis his frail Kingship JAMES! . . . O well-settled snare! Go, MARGERY, and bid them show him up.

[*Exit MARGERY.*]

Enter King JAMES THE FOURTH in the disguise of a minstrel, which he at once discards. Lady HERON executes a deep obeisance.

King (*graciously*). Nay, make no ceremonious cheese for me—I come not as the KING, but quite *incog*.

Lady H. I feared that you were in the battle-field! King. And that is where I am—supposed to be. I've settled all my plans; the Cheviots Are in my rear, the Till afront, myself (*Perhaps*) will lead the centre—but enough Of war's rough issues—(*tenderly*)—how goes Lady HERON?

Lady H. As well, I thank you, as can be expected!

King (*presenting jewellery*). To Newcastle I bring black diamonds! Sweets to the sweet, and pearls to pearlier

throats! (That's really *rather* neat, now, isn't it?) Still, wear them, so in men's eyes they may shine The brighter for the velvet that displays them!

Lady H. (*with cynical candour*). Women wear diamonds—not to dazzle men, But to o'ershadow other women's paste.

King. Not really? Haw, I'd no idea of that! But I've a far more precious present still!

Lady H. (*overcome*). Oh, but indeed, I couldn't—(*eagerly*)—what is it?

King (*complacently*). Your loving husband! Late my prisoner, Being mixed up, somehow, in that affair Of MARGARET's jewels, now withal set free, Without condition . . . Ah, I *knew* 'twould prove A most agreeable surprise for you!

Lady H. (*perturbed*). It is—delightful—quite! Thank you so much! And when may I expect him to turn up?

King. Oh, not just yet, since I believe he took The same short cut that brought me here myself. Shall I recite to you to pass the time?—A little trifle I have just thrown off (One makes so many—almost on one's head!) And really, for a King, they ain't so bad!

Lady H. (*perfunctorily*). Oh, do! (*Aside, desperately*) I'd suffer aught to keep him here!

King (*recites*). "Oh, braw are Scotland's bonnie birks, Her *maivis* groves the same,

And 'mid their mirks A laddie lurks, Wi' a *sporrán* on his wame.

Gin I were girt in philabegs, I'd squatter thro' the streams,

Wi' *droukit* legs, As sure as eggs, To the Lady of my dreams!"

Lady H. (*coquettishly*). And which of all the ladies at your Court Inspired that amorous lilted roundelay?

King (*with a touch of waggery*). Not one among the lot! Now, Lady HERON, You're not as innocent as you make out, —You know the party 'twas intended for!

Lady H. Your answer is as dexterous as your lay, And you the very Prince of Minor Poets! (*Carelessly*) I'm told that SURREY never turns a stave.

King. It is not everyone that has the turn, But there—we must not be too hard on him!

Lady H. He is a soldier and no poet-lover, A scientific Heaven-born General!

King (*piqued*). One may be both. I am a General, too, —When not engaged in Literature or Love.

Lady H. (*petulantly*). What is this love we prate about so much? Simply the fawnings of ferocious snakes On us embarrassed and retiring doves! . . . Have I said aught?—You smiled so curiously!

King. Did I? There are so many sorts of smiles; The smile superior; the fatuous; The feebly-cynical; the would-be knowing; The prim self-conscious smile; the inanely bland; The dimpling crease; the bacon-chawing grin; The wrong side of the mouth; the ear to ear; And what some call the "photographic" smile; And last, wae's me! the reminiscent smirk Of dreamy devilry we note in skulls! . . . My smile may have been any one of these!

Lady H. Nay, it was all! . . . (*Suddenly*) Recite to me once more.

King (*flattered*). Well, since you are so pressing:—(*strikes attitude*)—"What is Love?" A Recitation. By King JAMES THE FOURTH.

"Love, they say, is all my eye, Gooseberry-fooling, rhubarb-pie, Packed with pangs for by-and-by;

Who is it that slanders so Holiest of affairs below? Echo answers: 'Do not know!'

Then be Heaven's will obeyed; Let us all love, unafraid, Every matron, every maid,

Stout ones, thin ones, Short and tall, In the parlour, in the hall;—But the comely, most of all!"

Lady H. That is a deeper and diviner strain, And, by so much, too large a fit for me . . . But why in such a hurry—must you go?

King. Unless I run away from here at once, I lose all chance of doing so at Flodden!

Lady H. (pouting). I cannot take it as a compliment If you prefer your tiresome fight to me!

King. 'Tis really time I went. . . Hark! what was that? Methought I heard a far-off clarion bray!

Lady H. It was the ass's bray, and not the bugle's! As *Juliet* said (or words to that effect). Go not! I mayn't be in this mood to-morrow. What! all this morning-call, and not one kiss!

[Tenders him her cheek, which he kisses. While he is doing so door is thrown open, and enter her husband. Observing the situation, he halts and looks from one to the other.]

Lady H. (with perfect composure). WILLIAM, I think you've met His MAJESTY.

Sir William (coldly). I've had that honour, but did not expect To come across him quite so soon again. (With more warmth) What is this royal cuckoo doing here, Beneath my roof-tree, too—yet quite at home? Madam, a speedy answer will oblige. And may I beg of you to tell the truth?

Lady H. (with exaltation). I will—and for the benefit of both! I lured him here and kept him simpering love, And spouting his ridiculous recitations, Till past the hour that he was due at Flodden! I'm proud of it! I'd do the same again! For England, and the Cause of Englishmen, Who never, never, shall be slaves!

Sir William. If that's the case, I will return anon.

[Exit.]

King (clapping his hands softly). A splendid piece of acting!

Lady H. Sold again! Look at the clock, and then—look out of window! The other way your army's swung around, And now 'tis all too late to swing them back! I heard the trumpets riding on the wind, A roaring mount for such equestrians! Heard them, and kept my tongue within my cheek, While you were songful-suing at my footstool! . . . Now go, for you have bored me long enough, And be in time, at least, for your defeat!

King (sadly, to himself). Who would have thought it? Fair, and yet so false! What did the apparition at Linlithgow say? "Beware of downy woman and her wiles." By gad! that apparition knew a bit! (To Lady H. with dignity) Farewell, thou unfair lady (that's a pun—A doosid old one, though), King JAMES is done! [Exit.]

Lady H. (to herself). King JAMES is done indeed, and done by Me! SURREY, my love, you owe me one for this!

End of Act II.

F. A.

OPERA NOTES.

THURSDAY was the one specially notable night of the week, when Madame CALVÉ appeared for the first time this season as the heroine of BIZET's Opera *Carmen*. Her acting perfect; and with her this takes the chief place, for she is actress first, singer afterwards, as was the very *Carmen* herself. But in the fascinating song and step, what may be termed "The Flirtation Movement" of the First Act, when she captures the man who has afterwards to capture her and whom in turn she captures and ruins, her voice, as it were, sways the action, the effect being wickedly mischievous.

Signor SCOTTI excellent as the *Toréador*, his famous song deserving an encore but failing to obtain it. GILBERT and HERR REISS, the comic scoundrels, capitably contrasted as to height and bulk, keep up the humour throughout.

MME. BLAUVELT is a charming *Micaëla*, and M. SALIGNAC



A GREAT AMBITION.

Little Girl (watching her mother fixing hatpins through her hat). "WHEN WILL I BE OLD ENOUGH, MUMMY, TO HAVE HOLES MADE IN MY HEAD TO KEEP MY HAT ON?"

as the weak, passionate, but somewhat hardly used *Don José*, whose motto is "all for love, or the world well lost," wins our sympathies and our applause.

MR. PH. FLON, difficult name for stutterer to attempt, conducted, and the representation from first to last may be counted among the successes of the season.

A CYCLE OF CATHAY.—The *Yorkshire Evening Post*, in reporting the case of a motor-cyclist charged with travelling at excessive speed on the highway at Selby, represents a police-sergeant as stating that "he timed defendant over a distance of 633 yards, which was covered in 64 secs." The contention of the defendant that he had been "very imperfectly timed" has an air of captiousness.

FIAT EXPERIMENTUM.—Fears have been entertained that the proposed legislation for motor-cars may, by removing the speed limit, only increase the already high mortality of people frequenting our roadways. These fears will be partially allayed by a statement which the *Daily Mail* was in a position to make in its issue of June 25. It appears that experiments are first to be made in the gangways of the Peers' Chamber. We read that "Mr. WALTER LONG stated in the House of Commons that he hopes to arrange for the introduction of the Bill dealing with motor-car traffic in the House of Lords."

REMINISCENCES OF ASCOT.



No. I.—Before the "Hunt Cup."

Enthusiastic Fox-hunting Lady (who, on her first visit to Ascot, is horribly chagrined at seeing that the course is not at all as she would have wished it to be, judging by the name of the Race, "The Hunt Cup"). "What a disappointment! Why, there are no hurdles!"

No. II.—In the Paddock.

Habitué (to Lady who wishes to appear "in the know"). "Going to see the 'Princess of Wales' Stakes'?"

Would-be-knowing Lady. "No, unfortunately I am dining out every night during the Haymarket week."

HAYMARKET KATERERS.

Cousin Kate, the new comedy at the Haymarket Theatre by Mr. HUBERT HENRY DAVIES, a comparatively "new and original" author, who with two "H's" has, decidedly, *Haspirations*, is as pleasant a piece of work as anyone, ready and willing to be amused, would wish to see within the compass of a two-hours' light entertainment. This latest species of the *genus* ROBERTSON is admirably acted, which is *pour quelque chose dans cette affaire*.

But "Come hither, HUBERT!" "There is a fallacy somewhere," and here it is. We are faced with several improbabilities. Perpend. Once grant the premises in the Second Act, which include the cottage and grounds of "Owlscoot," and the improbability vanishes. What has to be granted? A good deal; besides the aforesaid "premises." It may be granted that *Heath Desmond*, a witty, roving, well-to-do artist of about thirty-two, a character delightfully rendered by Mr. CYRIL MAUDE (who only a few minutes before had been winning the admiration of the House by his marvellous study of that very ancient specimen of the oldest nobility, *Lord Ogleby*)—who has engaged himself to be married to *Amy Spencer*, a prim little quakerish, weak and obstinate girl of about twenty (capitally played by Miss BEATRICE FERRAR), having furnished a cottage, "Owlscoot," with artistic taste, and generally regardless of expense, might leave it untenanted, entrusting the key to Mrs. and Miss *Spencer*, who live at about twenty minutes' walk from it, so that they may look in occasionally during his absence, as the place is unguarded by servant, gardener, caretaker, or any sort of responsible person in actual charge. But it is not so easily granted that the *Spencers*, the obstinate girl with a strong sense of duty, the mother, a fussy old lady (perfectly represented by Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON), should give their eccentric Cousin Kate, who is a total stranger to the owner of "Owlscoot," the key of that gentleman's cottage, in order that she may open the house, air the rooms, and see that everything is made ready for the arrival of the proprietor.

That the lively Kate, aged twenty-nine, authoress of several novels of a somewhat risky character, with her Bohemian instincts and her love of adventure, should accept the charge, is just what might be expected of her, so we may grant that. That she should have travelled from London with a gentleman, a total stranger, whom she has invited to share her lunch, is allowable; also, that with him she should suddenly fall desperately in love is again possible: but that, spry as she is, she should never have ascertained—somehow or another—the name and status of her travelling com-

panion, nor he, having also lost his heart to her, hers, is to say the least of it, considering the terms on which they found themselves *en tête-à-tête*, to the last degree improbable.

Then, that *Heath Desmond*, after following her down the lane, and seeing her enter his own cottage, should prefer jumping in by the window to entering by the door which had already been opened by Kate, is suggestive of a mere poseur, not of the honest straightforward Irish gentleman, full of fun as he may be at the age of thirty-two or more; and that, after she has refused to tell him whence she obtained the key, he, knowing with whom he had left it, should not have at once come to the conclusion that this spirited young lady of twenty-nine must be either a friend or a connection of the *Spencers*, is most improbable; as were she merely a stranger she would never have been permitted to take the key and come alone. It is again highly improbable that he should not have at once mentioned the *Spencers* as a sort of introduction for himself, or that she, with her natural shrewdness, should not have immediately divined, from his question as to the key, as also from his intimate acquaintance with the store-cupboards and kitchen whence he fetches all the requisites for a five-o'clock tea, that he is the owner of, or, at least, a neighbour privileged to visit, the cottage whenever he "feels so disposed."

In fact, the improbabilities, beyond those here stated, could not be granted, were it not that the offence is condoned by the engaging freshness of the characters (except that of the parson), the brightly written dialogue, and the thorough excellence of the acting.

As Kate, Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS is simply delicious, though it is easy to see that the *minauderie* of the character may very easily be overdone.

It is an axiom that "boys will be boys," but the exception to this ruling is invariably to be found on the stage, where "boys will not be boys," no matter what amount of training may be bestowed on them. That the boy, *Bobby Spencer*, in this piece is *de trop*, serving no dramatic purpose whatever, is the fault of the author, who, however, is to be congratulated on the management having found for the part so intelligent a little chap, and such a born comedian as Master CYRIL SMITH, who, fortunately for the piece and himself, has turned the legislative limit of ten years old.

The dialogue is full of humour; situations good, and the light and leading comedians are most heartily acclaimed at the end of every Act.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XIV.

I ALWAYS thought a good deal of soldiers and soldiering. I liked to see them marching through the streets, with their bands playing, all as straight as sticks, with their great bearskins on their heads, and their little officers dangling along by the side of them just as cool and proud as if they didn't care two-pence for you and me, and were quite ready to wipe their boots on us without so much as knowing who we were. There's something grand and noble about their look that I never could quite get over. It fetched me every time. It's the sort of look lords ought to have if they knew their business, but they don't. Mostly they're trying to make themselves agreeable and behaving quite affably, just as if they wanted us to believe we were as good as any lord they ever came across. That's all tommy rot, of course.

When I was a lad I used to think it must be a wonderful thing to see ten or twenty lords all in a room together, but now I'm getting on in life I don't seem to take quite so much stock in them. I suppose I've seen too many of them,



GOLFING AMENITIES.

Major Brummel (comparing the length of his and his opponent's "drives"). "I THINK I'M SHORTER THAN MR. SIMKINS?"

Small Caddie (a new hand, greatly flattered at being asked, as he thinks, to judge of their personal appearance). "YES, SIR, AND FATTERER TOO, SIR!"

[Delight of the gallant Major.]

time and again, in real life to believe all the fancy talk you get out of the history books. They seem to be much the same as ironmongers or grocers—a trifle stiffer in the collars, and more given to silk about their frock-coats, a better crease down the front of their trousers and more shine about their boot-leather, but that's about all there is to make a difference; and, mind you, I've known one grocer—FARROW was his name, the son of old TOM FARROW—who'd give any lord you ever saw the knock in the dress department. I never met anyone else who had anything like the same good taste in the things he wore, especially neckties. Green, blue, red, or yellow, they were all one to him. He had a neat trick of tying them that nobody else could imitate, and his diamond pin always looked as if it belonged where he stuck it, and couldn't possibly have been stuck anywhere else. I don't know how a man gets a knack of that sort. APSLEY said it wasn't a real diamond, but I know better: I saw FARROW scratch his name with it on a shop window once.

Well, about soldiers. We'd got a picture at home that always took my fancy. It was a sort of coloured print, made in Germany, I think, and it was called "*Faithful unto Death; or, The Brave Briton: an Incident in the Crimea.*" There was a soldier in a red coat lying on the ground with his arm in a sling, and his shirt open showing a great patch of blood on his chest. He was quite pale and ghastly, and but for his eyes being open you'd have

thought he was as dead as mutton. Anybody might have gone and left him, for you could see it was only a matter of minutes before he died. But there was another big soldier standing over him, with his rifle in his hand and the bayonet all fixed and ready, and you could see he wasn't going to abandon him—not much. The big soldier had had a good doing, too, for he'd got a blood-stained handkerchief tied round his head; but his uniform was bright and clean, and so was his face. Then in the background there were a lot of the enemy coming up, shouting and howling for joy at having caught a couple of Englishmen—you could see they were shouting by the way their mouths were painted in the picture—and they'd got their bayonets ready too, and some of them were letting off their rifles, and there was a lot of smoke about, great thick black rolling clouds of it; but the big soldier didn't seem to care a bit: he just stood there looking as fierce as fifty, and ready to shoot or stick the whole lot of them. I forgot to say he'd got quite a tidy little heap of them polished off all round him already, and it used to give me the creeps to see them all lying there, one on top of the other, just as if you'd chucked so many trusses of straw together and left them there.

Behind the whole lot, coming right at you from the top of a hill, you could see about thirty soldiers on horses, galloping like mad, with their swords drawn. They had red uniforms, so you knew they were English, and there was a fair chance that they'd get there in time to save the

big soldier before he got picked off or taken prisoner; and I used to say to myself when I looked at the enemy all shouting, "Go it, my fine fellows, go it; it all looks jolly easy now, when you think you've only got two wounded Englishmen to tackle, but I bet you'll sing a different song in a brace of shakes when the Cavalry gets into the middle of you, and you feel a good English sword tickling you up somewhere in the shoulder-blades, or lopping your ugly French or German heads off your bodies."

I remember I used to get quite nervous with wanting to hurry the Cavalry up. I always wondered, too, what I should have done if I had been the big soldier. It wouldn't have been any 'good lying down and saying, "Quits—you can't hit a man when he's down," as we used to at school, for they tell me it's only the English that spare a man when he's down. The rest of them just stick you quicker than ever, and glad to get the job over.

MY MASTERS.

[A writer in the *New York Bookman* recently pleaded for "ateliers of fiction." "If painters take pupils, why should not novelists?"]

BEFORE the days of swishing
Were past and gone for me,
My soul was ever wishing
A THACKERAY to be;
And now my head is hoary
I fain would write a story
To bring me fame and glory,
And haply £ s. d.

But though my pen has travelled
O'er reams and reams and reams,
And endless plots unravelled
With endless artful schemes,
I have not yet succeeded
In doing all that's needed
To make the name that he did,
And realise my dreams.

But now the chance of chances
Has come, and I intend
To write you such romances
As never yet were penned.
I'll go to each Immortal
Who opens wide his portal,
And, mixing every sort, 'll
Produce a novel blend.

I'll study humour under
Smart JACOBS, and discern
His secret art—I wonder,
Is humour hard to learn?
For depth and condensation,
For shrewd delineation
And subtle observation
To MEREDITH I'll turn.

Then HOPE has been a source of
The purest joy to me;

From him I'll take a course of
His brilliant repartee.
He'll teach this humble sinner
Before his feet to glitter
Like diamonds. Who fitter
To teach the trick than he?

My note-book next I'll carry—
In case my tears run dry—
To sentimental BARRIE,
And IAN moist of eye;
I'll seek the door of CROCKETT
And beg him to unlock it,
Supposing that my pocket
His fee can still supply.

And since the world's contrary
And given to complain,
If one forgets to vary
Sufficiently one's vein,
I'll go to every duffer
Whose novels find a puffer—
Nay, even gladly suffer
CORELLI and HALL CAINE.

CHARIVARIA.

WHEN the Servian Premier telegraphed to the CZAR reporting the decision of the British Government, he is said to have received the ambiguous answer, "Servia right."

A special cablegram was sent all the way from America last week to inform the readers of the *Daily Express* that HENRY HUSTER sneezed so loudly in the streets of St. Paul, Minnesota, that two horses attached to a carriage took fright and ran away.

The Automobile Club has compiled some statistics which go to prove that far fewer persons are killed by mechanically-propelled vehicles than by those which are drawn by horses. Still, the Automobile Club must not lose heart. It must remember that the science of Motor-carnage is only in its infancy.

MR. JOHN O'DONNELL, M.P., has complained that he found prison uncomfortable. This was, of course, never intended.

The object of the new Army cap has been discovered. As our soldiers are constantly decreasing in stature and physique, it has become necessary to make them more terrifying by artificial means.

General MANNING is to be superseded in Somaliland by General EGERTON, and the War Office is busy arranging for relays of Generals to rescue one another.

A lady asks the following question in a letter to a contemporary:—"Sir, I

notice that a little baby girl was found in Covent Garden Market. Would not 'COVENTINA' be a very pretty name for her?" *Punch* has always been ready to raise his voice in aid of the helpless little ones, and his answer is, "No."

RYHMES OF THE EAST.

Ode to the Time-Gun of Gurrumbad.

[Time-guns are of invariable pattern and extreme antiquity. Other species come and go; their ancestor remains always. One is to be found in each cantonment; he generally occupies a position of unsheltered and pathetic loneliness in a corner of the local parade ground. The writer has never seen one herded in the Gun-park with his kind.]

STRONG scion of the sturdy past
When simpler methods ruled the fray,
At whose demoralising blast
The stoutest foe recoiled aghast,
How fall'n art thou to-day!

Thy power the little children mock;
Thy voice, that shook the serried line,
But supplements the morning cock
At—roughly speaking—one o'clock,
And—broadly—half-past nine.

(Saving when Thomas' deep employ
Th' attendant closing hour postpones,
And he, the undefeated boy,
To gain a temporary joy,
Hath stuffed thee up with stones).

From out the once familiar "park"
Young guns, intolerably spruce,
Go flaunting by without remark;
Which, to their humbled patriarch,
Must be the very deuce.

Their little toils with leisure crowned,
They, in their turn, will seek the Vale
Of Rest that thou hast never found;
What wonder if thy daily "round"
Is very like a Wail?

Yet many love thee. Though his clutch
Be heavy, Time doth still afford
That fine consolatory touch—
It hardly seems to go for much,
But cannot be ignored.

Who that can brave the mid-day fare
But leans, in utter trust, on thee
To tell him when it's one—or there-
Abouts—and save the wear and tear
Of turning round to see?

So, when athwart the glooming flats
Thy hoarse nocturnal whispers stray—
Much to the horror of the bats—
We're all the nearer home, and that's
A comfort, anyway!

Then, courage! Guns may come and go,
But him alone we hold divine
Whose task it is to let us know
The hours of one o'clock—or so—
And—roundly—half-past nine.

DUM-DUM.

PETER THE LITTLE.

Some Possible Meditations.

GENEVA, *June*.—What a miserable country this is! A ridiculous republic of contemptible inn-keepers, who are only brave in the brandishing of their bills. I despise it. What is the pleasure of a slothful existence in this dismal town, even with a little rifle shooting at targets occasionally? No shooting at mere targets could satisfy a real hero. Give me Servia, the bulwark of Christianity and civilisation against the unspeakable Turk! Give me that land of heroes, who fear not death—for other people. I, too, will be courageous. I will take advantage of the heroism of my glorious army. I have already bargained for a large increase in the Civil List. His Imperial and Royal—ah, no, my dear cousin FRANCIS JOSEPH, as I must call him now, is too severe. That was a very unkind telegram of his. How different to the piety of my dear cousin NICHOLAS! What a dear good creature he is! So fond of peace and gentleness. I am glad I sent GEORGE and his brother to Saint Petersburg to learn to be heroes. They must go to Kishineff for some finishing lessons.

BELGRADE, *June*.—Very pretty flags everywhere, and all that sort of thing. But the group of ruffians on the platform is alarming. Are they brigands in uniform? No, they are my Ministers, publicly blessed, with the rest of the army, by the Metropolitan. Dear, dear! Shall I have to shake hands with them? It seems to give me the creeps. It is a shame they have no crown. They might at least have got the tiara of SAITAPHERNES, which must be going very cheap now.

July.—Oh dear, I wish I had never come to this bulwark of Christianity! My Ministers have not increased the Civil List, though they promised to. Simply a pack of thieves and liars. They actually stole all the valuables after that affair! Nothing left for me at all! I wish I could take lodgings at Semlin and sleep peacefully every night under the protection of dear cousin FRANCIS JOSEPH just across the Save. He is, perhaps, rather severe, but Hungary is well governed, and so safe. I have a good idea. I will propose to my Ministers that I reign for the future from 10 to 4 daily, Sundays included. But it must be 10 to 2 all the winter, so as to get comfortably across the Save by daylight. The monarchy, like a picture gallery, to be closed at dusk.

August.—They will not hear of it. The Metropolitan sides with them, and gives me his blessing. If I could get a decent pension from them I would retire at once.

September.—They have actually made



Brown. "I SAW YOU PUFFING ALONG IN YOUR MOTOR THE OTHER DAY. HOW DOES IT SUIT YOU?"
Binks. "ONLY SO-SO."

Brown. "AH! A SUCCÈS D'ESTIME?"

a further reduction in the Civil List. This is more than I can stand. Have discovered two honest Turks who have a boat on the Save. Shall manage something in the dark autumn evenings.

SEMLIN, *October*.—Hurra! Safely over! It was unfortunate that three *aides-de-camp* were shot in the confusion of starting. What brave fellows those two Turks are! I have given them my revolvers, which I shall not want now, three dinars in loose cash, and patents of nobility, creating each of them a Prince in Servia. As I have given up business, the latter may not have much effect, but that's not my fault. And I have sent a postcard to the Metropolitan to say I return his

blessing, as I have no longer any use for it. It was a good idea to get my next quarter's Civil List allowance in advance just before I started. What a relief to be an exile again! I shall go back to Geneva, or some nice quiet place, and smoke cigarettes tranquilly for the rest of my life. I will send for GEORGE and ALEXANDER from St. Petersburg, and start them in some honest business in the peaceful Swiss republic. Something profitable, that will keep me in pocket-money, in my old age. I know what will do. Already I picture, in some place crowded by tourists, a fine new building of the noblest Swiss architecture inscribed, "HÔTEL DE SERBIE, KARAGEORGEVITCH FRÈRES."



JUNE MEMORIES.

HISTORICAL PICTURE. BRITISH FARMER LOOKING AFTER HIS CROPS.

ANTICIPATIONS;

OR, IRELAND AS IT MAY BE.

From the "Daily Mail, 1905."

"It is time to speak out. We have repeatedly warned the muddlers and blunderers at the War Office that the Rent-Collecting Force of two hundred thousand men in Ireland is entirely insufficient. Unless another Army Corps is sent to the West of Ireland, and a flotilla of torpedo destroyers to the Shannon, the rents for the March quarter will be entirely lost. Already we have spent £200,000,000 in the vain endeavour to collect arrears of rent amounting to less than two millions, and Mr. BRODRICK has the audacity to tell the House of Commons that he did not know that the Irish peasantry were arming. Have not our columns during the past year contained ample proof that shillelaghs were being imported into Ireland in piano cases? As we write, the news of another 'regrettable incident' comes to hand. A squadron of Hussars attempted to collect arrears of rent amounting to 4s. 9d. from BRIDGET MALONEY, of Ballyhack, and were cut off to a man. The enemy were armed with empty porter bottles,

which quite outraged the British weapons. Are the gentlemen of England all fox-hunting? We confidently appeal to all men of means, and courage, and leisure, to join the Imperial Rent-Collecting Yeomanry."

From the "Daily News," 1905.

"We said a year since, when this accursed Government threatened to send military forces to collect Irish rents 'that Ireland would fight, and Ireland would be right.' The simple (but noble) Passive Resistance which contents English Nonconformists—lineal descendants of CROMWELL and MILTON—does not content the warm-hearted, impulsive Celts. They drive the pig—most faithful of household friends—to the hills, bury their scanty earnings, and then, armed with hedge-stakes and porter bottles, line the stone walls of dear old Ireland. The grey, sad skies of the Emerald Isle look down on a gloomy scene. On the one side a peaceful, primitive, pastoral people—on the other, a set of mammon-worshipping debt-collectors. Can we wonder that our soldiers, brave as they may be, are driven back? They fight merely for money; the Irish patriots for a great principle—the right to refuse to pay.

Happily for humanity, Providence is not always on the side of the big battalions. Our Special Correspondent wires us that a squadron of Hussars has been annihilated in the attempt to collect 4s. 9d. from that noted patriot, Mrs. BRIDGET MALONEY, of Ballyhack. If this trivial matter of 4s. 9d. had only been referred to arbitration—say, Marshal REDMOND and General DILLON acting for the Irish, and Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE acting for the English, with some impartial legal expert of foreign nationality like Dr. LEYDS as umpire—then this terrible loss of life would have been avoided. Or why not adopt the eminently sane suggestion of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN? Let one English soldier be sent to every Irish farm. Let him cultivate the land, and at the end of the year, having deducted the Government's rent, hand the remainder of the gross proceeds over to the Irish tenant. When the British workman realises that every shilling of rent collected in Ireland adds fifty pounds to the Army Estimates he will begin to think, and, when the Democracy begins to think, the fate of this Government—the worst of all possible governments, present, past, or future—is sealed."



Ludwig Sander del.

WELL "PLAYED!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 22.—“The right hon. Gentleman,” said Mr. MIDDLEMORE, severely regarding the back of the head of the Chancellor of the Exchequer seated on the Treasury Bench, “has a gaping hiatus in his personality.” Observing consternation among his audience, marvelling what this might mean, he explained desire to intimate that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had no sense of humour. Walking down to House after early luncheon, Mr. MIDDLEMORE observed to himself, “There are people who are always praying ‘Give me riches.’ I can’t do it all round; but I mean to give it Ritchie.” Whence it will appear that the hiatus lamented in the personality of Chancellor of the Exchequer is not lacking to Member for North Birmingham.

His opportunity came on HARRY CHAPLIN’s motion to omit Clause 1 of Budget Bill, and with it proposal to abolish Corn Tax. In early life Mr. MIDDLEMORE studied surgery; never practised, but to this day there lingers in his manner reminiscence of youthful efforts. Preparing to cut up RITCHIE, he, standing at the third bench above the Gangway, paused a moment with head posed a little on one side, whilst he critically regarded the head and broad shoulders on the Treasury Bench with intent to find most effective place for sticking in the lancet. A grave serious air about him that intensified quaintness of his carefully prepared sentences.



INSERTING THE LANCET.

Mr. Middlemore picking out a nice sharp one for further incision in Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Only for the hiatus lamented, RITCHIE, he said, “would have seen the absurdity of asking four or five hundred gentlemen of England to fall down on their knees and eat the leek he presented to them.”

This understood to be reference to plight of good Ministerialists, who last year were induced to recommend the shilling Corn Tax to their constituents and this year are called upon to demonstrate its iniquity.

“We go down to our constituents naked, quite naked, Sir,” Mr. MIDDLEMORE repeated, as if he were giving evidence in a “ragging” case. “Absolutely denuded of every principle which last year we pronounced from the housetops. What transcendent and ludicrous imbecility! and all propounded by a Chancellor of Exchequer, with a grave face and a long-drawn visage, who sees no fun whatever in the screaming farce of which he is the author.”

House roared with laughter whilst Members opposite egged on the faithful Ministerialist to fresh mutiny. At end of twenty minutes Chairman of Committees disclosed in his own case existence of the gaping hiatus bemoaned by Mr. MIDDLEMORE in the structure of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Not being able to stand any more of this kind of humour, sharply pulled up Mr. MIDDLEMORE just as he produced a fresh case of lancets and was picking out a nice sharp one for further incision in Chancellor of Exchequer.

Business done.—Corn Tax abolished by 416 votes against 32.

Tuesday night.—The fashion of answering questions varies with successive Premiers. Not the least interesting touch of personality. DIZZY’s replies were waited for with eager anticipation of some flash of wit or dexterous turn to the disadvantage of the inquirer. Nor was the House often disappointed. The MEMBER FOR SARK happened to be present on the far-off day when DIZZY, just seated in power with overwhelming majority secured at General Election of 1874, was confronted by Lord ROBERT MONTAGU with reminder of awkward pledge given during the General Election contest with reference to the Government of Ireland. Awkward predicament for DIZZY. Everyone alert, to see how he would escape it.

“It is some time since the observations referred to were made,” the Premier answered with funeral gravity. “And,” he continued in hollow voice, “a good deal has happened in the interval.”

The happening was his victory at the poll, largely helped by the Irish vote. The House laughed, and what with other treatment would have been embarrassing situation was evaded.



DIZZY’S DEXTERITY.

“A good deal has happened in the interval.” (Mr. Disraeli.)

Mr. G. was, in quite another way, master of the art of dodging awkward questions. He replied at portentous length, in a series of involved sentences. Whilst the puzzled inquirer was endeavouring to make out what they might possibly mean, the next question had been called on and the incident was closed.

PRINCE ARTHUR has of late developed a pretty skill in the old game, practised every night in connection with Cabinet inquiry into Fair Trade question. MANSFIELD spent the greater portion of a wet June morning in framing series of questions on the tempting subject. “That’ll fetch him,” he said to himself, as he handed in paper to unsympathetic Clerk at Table. Questions occupied considerable space on printed page. PRINCE ARTHUR, looking at them with really friendly interest, admitted their importance.

“But,” he added, “it would be premature to attempt to give any answer at the present time.”

That blessed word premature! Mesopotamia not in it. BRYCE swore by the Holy Roman Empire that Premier should not escape in this way.

“If,” he asked severely, “these communications do pass between the Colonial Governments and the Home Government will they be presented to the House?”

PRINCE ARTHUR’s glance across the Table at the ex-President of the Board of Trade was a withering combination of pity, regret, surprise. That a mere Member like MANSFIELD should put questions on this subject, though undesirable, was not entirely unexpected. That a right honourable gentleman who



CROSSING THE BAR.

"The General Council of the Bar, having considered the recent observations of Mr. Justice Grantham, resolves that any statement to the effect that counsel are paid to raise false issues or to misrepresent evidence is one which this Council repudiates as misrepresenting the functions and practice of the Bar."—*Daily Telegraph*, June 24.—[His Lordship is left humming to himself "I dreamt I duelt with M-rah-li H-lla!"]

had traversed Transcaucasia, had ascended Ararat, was acquainted with the flora of the Island of Arran, had studied the American Commonwealth, and lived to give his Impressions of South Africa, should follow his perverse steps, was too much for long-tried patience.

"The right hon. Gentleman will see," said PRINCE ARTHUR, with acrid tone and slight uplifting of the eyebrow, "that, as I said all statements in regard to the question would be premature, a hypothetical question based upon a supposed answer must be still more premature."

Mr. BRYCE collapsed.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Committee.

House of Lords, Friday night.—Curious to watch LEVEN and MELVILLE walking in just now, arm-in-arm so to speak, sniffing suspiciously. Turning first to one side then to the other,

audibly sniffing, the noble earl at last took his seat on cross benches. Recognised in the locality the *juste milieu*.

Nothing particular, personal or offensive, meant by the little nasal habit. It was, indeed, probably unconscious. Grew upon his lordship in connection with performance of duties as Lord High Commissioner, which involved residence in Holyrood Palace. It will be remembered that having sniffed round the premises, the Lord High Commissioner decided he could not safely dwell in them. Accordingly, during gathering of General Assembly, took up his residence in what an indignant and patriotic Scotch Member called "an adjacent public-house."

Scotland hardly yet recovered from wave of indignation that followed on this action. The other night Lord LEVEN rose to explain. Accomplished his task with a *naïveté* that charmed

the House. Speech notable for the handful of information chucked about without apparent connection. "My own ancestors," said the double-barrelled Earl, "who during the eighteenth century were at Holyrood Palace for over thirty years, went about, I understand, in bath chairs, and dined at pot-houses whenever they had an opportunity." At whose expense not mentioned. Lord BELLHAVEN, he added, being Lord High Commissioner, began in modest way entertaining at Holyrood. Shared haggis and bottle of whisky with the Lord Provost. By degrees hospitable custom grew till, said the noble Earl, "when I had the honour of being first appointed, something like twelve hundred people came to dine in twelve days. I don't complain," he added airily. "I merely mention the fact. It is a very pleasant thing, and I enjoy it very much."

But then there were the drains. "It puts a great strain upon any drains. In addition to the dinner parties mentioned, I have," added his lordship, "one hundred people in the house during the twelve days, each having three meals a day, at least, which makes 3,600 more, bringing the total up to 4,800 meals in the twelve days."

Lord CORK gasped. He dines occasionally. But, 'pon my soul, never heard of anything on this scale!

What drains could stand this? Besides, as Lord LEVEN sagely remarked, "every year drains get a year older." In this dilemma Lord High Commissioner appealed to SCHOMBERG McDONNELL. In common life, when you want to know anything you ask a policeman. On high level of Lord High Commissioner, in similar case you ask SCHOMBERG McDONNELL. And what did that astute young man, versed in the Cabinet secrets of Europe, reply to Lord High Commissioner's timorous suggestion about the drains? Why, he wrote, "There is no danger for you or your household. It would be very different for the King, with his Court."

This too much for Scotch Peer, ready to dine twelve hundred people, and in the interests of his beloved country to live for twelve days at the rate of £90,000 a year. He resolved not to go to Holyrood. The heather was ablaze, and Lord High Commissioner has since acquired the little nasal habit noted, which his friends trust will be of only temporary duration.

Business done.—Last Friday allotted to Private Members. Now we shall get to work.

MOTTO FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.—"The unexamined life is not worth living."—PLATO, *Apology*.



The following lines are a verbatim report of the peroration of the speech of Professor Punch, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., F.R.A.S., &c., &c., on the achievements of the first half of the current year, delivered last night before a Mass Meeting of All the Royal Societies:—

GENTLEMEN, let me conclude with a *résumé*, brief but effective, Giving the various wonders performed in the vanishing half-year. First, to remind you of some of our chief Geographical exploits, Time and the limited patience you have at disposal allow me Merely to touch in a word on the walk of the Brokers to Brighton; And, only second to this, the *Discovery's* Polar Excursion;— Merely to mention the record achieved by the modern Ulysses, How he proceeded from Brum past Gib to the markets of Joburg, How he attained to the welcome reserved for eponymous heroes, Settled a sort of a war by a sort of a peaceful arrangement, Bearing a buttonhole orchid in place of an olive for emblem, And in the fulness of time came back to his country's ovations; Also to hint of the voyage of three of my staff of employees, Dauntless, that leaving my Table's rotundity bare of their presence, Not with a view of obtaining, for meed, the Society's Medal, But for the love of Research, penetrated to ultimate Delhi, Did the Durbar and returned, if possible, wiser than ever.

So from Original Travel I pass to Mechanical Science. Splendid the strides we have made on the heels of the volatile Frenchman, Fashioning motors that move with the murderous speed of a cheetah Mainly through air but recur every now and again to the roadway, Making the milestones show as contiguous graves in a churchyard, Each with its several corpse—old women, or children, or puppies, Joyfully yielding their ghosts in the cause of Mechanical Science.

Great are the things it has done, but we look to the future for greater,
Look with incredible hope to the day when the sons of our grandsons,
Heirs of a wet-bob race that has seen, this summer, a deluge
Only eclipsed in the records compiled by the patriarch Noë,
Haply attain to a service of boats on our bountiful tideway!

Next, you will kindly remember, in turning to Chemical topics,
Something surpassing the merits of anti-rheumatismal tabloids,
Finer than patented food for promoting an easy digestion
Or for reducing the strain of obesity—lo! I allude to
Radium, very expensive, the source of perpetual motion;
Take but a pinch of the same, you will find it, according to experts,
Equal, for luminous ends, to a couple of millions of candles,
Equal, for heat, to a furnace of Heaven knows how many horse-power;
Therefore in unskilled hands, or with people addicted to arson,
Likely, I fancy, to prove an exceedingly dangerous substance.

Finally, let me present you a still more astounding production,
What I would modestly ask to describe as my piece of resistance—
Active, not passive, resistance—the half-year's highest achievement.
Rivalling Radium's self in the ardour and light that its atoms
Boldly emit, it possesses the further advantage of being
Harmless; an unweaned babe might fearlessly handle the object.
As for its cost, no price could well correspond to its virtues,
Yet for the good of the race it is sold at a nominal figure.
See, I exhibit a sample, though every intelligent person
Must have surmised already the name of the Thing and its Author;
And you are right; it is PUNCH's

One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Volume.





Cartoons.

SAMBOURNE, E. LINLEY

Bereft Bird (The)	47
Brilliant Debut (A)	353
Buffalo Balfour	245
Chain of Friendship (The)	299
Costume and Cost	101
Dardanelles Lock (The)	29
Dead Weight	137
Dogberry in Somaliland	335
Fidgety Joe	443
Foiled!	425
Infant Hercules (The)	263
Meddlesome Joe and the Goose that lays the Golden Eggs	371
"Men in Buckram" (The)	155

SAMBOURNE, E. LINLEY

Never Again!	83
"None so blind," &c.	209
Race of Death! (The)	359
Return of Ulysses (The)	173
Rosebery Sword-Dance (The)	227
Short Memory (A)	191
Sunken Treasure	407
Three Caskets (The)	65
Unemployable (The)	119
Unveiling the Budget	281
"Visible Means of Support"	317
Vivats Imperator	10, 11
Well "Played!"	461

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD

"Ars Britannica Longa"	75
At the Sign of the "Wheatheaf"	227
Avenge!	93
Beyond his power	417
Deserving Object (A)	255
Dream of St. Patrick's Day (A)	183
During the Interval	381
Foreign Competition	129
Gracious Promise (A)	39
Greater Need (The)	37
Guards' Mess (The)	111
His Chef-d'œuvre	201
Irish "Planchette" (The)	165

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD

"Let Curzon holde what Curzon helde"	399
King-Maker (The)	435
Macedonian Prescription (The)	147
More than he bargained for	309
New Round (A)	13
No Race	219
No "Rescuer" wanted, thank you!	363
One for his Bread-basket	453
One Weak Spot (The)	345
"They order these things better in France"	273
Trap that failed (The)	291
What Price Peace?	21

Articles.

ALLEN, INGLIS

Highways and Byways	35, 70, 107, 161, 211, 250, 358
---------------------------	------------------------------------

BANCROFT, E.

Suggestions for a short Spring Course of Lectures	85
--	----

BANKS, G. N.

Visit to the Polemon (A)	26
--------------------------------	----

BARTLE, ANITA

Latest Quotations from the City of Delhi	2
---	---

BARTLETT, M.

Rondeau of Fashion	423
--------------------------	-----

BENTLEY, E. C.

Afton Water Revisited	80
Ballad of Mixed Metaphors (A)	413
Lines to an Infant Alien	430

BRETHERTON, CYRIL H.

Ballade of the Sousaphone	451
Flâneur's Complaint (The)	409
To a "Chucker-out"	134
To Jingo, on his Departure for America	170

BROWN, H. DEVEY

Army Reform	43
Automobile Legislation	385
Brighton Preferred	231
International Letters	215
Motorbesity	115
Municipal Trading	290
Peter the Little	459
Vive l'Angleterre!	308, 342
What they seem to Expect	302

BURNAND, SIR F. C.

"Ancient Lights" at the Gaiety	170
Another "Girl" on the List	309
"Beau Ideal" at the Haymarket	252
Cycling in the Garden	312
De Goeatibus non Disputandum	34
Diamond Necklace but no Case	349
Greet Success (A)	98
Guy Bono	420
Haymarket Katerers	456
In Cap and Gown	450
"Innocents Abroad" (The)	292
"It is the Cause, it is the Cause,"	368

BURNAND, SIR F. C.

Light Comedy for an Audience in the Dark	196
"Most Approved Good Masters"	119
Of International Interest	225
Opera Notes, 340, 343, 361, 384, 403, 421, 433, 453	
Our Booking-Office, 4, 24, 41, 60, 74, 96, 114, 128, 145, 164, 185, 204, 234, 251, 268, 287, 297, 324, 326, 348, 378, 396, 398, 416, 440, 452	
Our Representative with some "Oddship"-mates, &c.	163
"Play that Succeeded (The)"	103
Post-prandial Record (A)	333
Prince and Peasant	192
Royalty's King in "A Snug Little Kingdom"	106
Sardou's Muddledrama; or, Dante of Old Drury	307
Short Vacation Visit (A)	414
Whitewashing the Blackamoor	54

BURNAND, SIR F. C.

Journalism à la Mode	81
Penny Physician (The)	404
River Notes	448
Young Moore's Almanack	65, 233, 451

BURRIDGE, A. W.

Extracts from Football Reports	212
--------------------------------------	-----

CAINE, W.

Mixture as before (The)	176
-------------------------------	-----

CAMPBELL, A. J.

Absentee (The)	362
Ad Mæcænatem	451
Elimination of the Superfluous	146
Evolution of Fatness (The)	203
Expulsion of Euclid (The)	90
Phagocyte (The)	360
Roundel of Julia Journeying (A)	263
Sky Signs	411
Villanelle of Broken Vows (A)	288

CAMPBELL, GERALD

De Jingo Mortuo	206
Domestic Drama	296
Pour les Enfants	298
Some Emotions but no Moral	394

COCHRANE, ALFRED

Motorists (The)	260
-----------------------	-----

COOKSON, GEORGE

Seasonable Stanzas	439
--------------------------	-----

COTTERELL, CONSTANCE

Scraps from a Hockey Lunch	216
----------------------------------	-----

COX, F. J.

Budgets of other Days (The)	298
Its Solitary Merit	258
Lightning Luncher (The)	195
Prodding prohibited	334
"Tongues in Trees"	446

DAVEY, RICHARD

Our Booking-Office	74, 114, 145, 164, 188, 204, 251, 298, 297
--------------------------	---

DAVIS, COL. NEWNHAM

Little Farces for the Forces	97, 144, 178, 208, 233
------------------------------------	---------------------------

DEANE, A. C.

Ballad of the Thames Fleet (A)	60
Companion Pictures	103
Confessions of Crinoline	20
Crocket up to Date	441
"Daily Wireless" (The)	453
Liber Humanares	169
Opera in Tabloid	125
Paper Wealth	125
Pickwick Up-to-Date	284
Theme with Variations (A)	397, 419
True P.O.-liteness	370
Truth of the Matter (The)	316

EDMONDS, F.

Histoire de Chien	334
-------------------------	-----

ELIAS, F. W.

"Child is Father of the Man" (The)	187
Commercial Enterprise in U.S.A.	340
Dux Femina Facti	89
Grave News	387
Members of Parliament	329
More Intelligent Anticipations	275
New Child (The)	217
Newspaper Recollections	263
Romance of the Period (A)	133
War Commission (The)	15

EMANUEL, W.

Charivaria	8, 28, 52, 63, 90, 99, 117, 135, 151, 172, 190, 207, 221, 244, 261, 290, 385, 406, 423, 449, 458
Reading between the Marriage Lines	392

EVANS, HOWEL

Bacillus of Love (The)	197
Happy Animals	339
His First and Last Play	42

GEAKE, CHARLES

My Wife's Hat	443
---------------------	-----

GODLEY, A. D.

New "Roads" Scholars (The)	17
To the Soldier Tired	225

GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V.

Arcades Ambo	293
"Bravest Deed I ever Saw" (The)	341, 352
Competition Rumours	402, 434
Dreams à la Drumont	386
Free Trade or Protection	440
Have I any Redress?	215
Joe's Way	103
M. de Blowitz	64
Mr. Punch's Sketchy Interviews, 5, 49, 131, 205, 230, 305	
Mr. Punch's Special Articles	377, 380, 402, 434
Musical Gossip	188
My Guesses	357
New Hide and Seek (The)	441
News from the Near East	388
Professional Cheerer-up	422
Queer Callings, 100, 171, 185, 224, 241, 257, 386	
Royal Academy Annual (The)	322
Should there be Music during Meals?	452
"Straight from the Country"	288
To Richard Strauss	90
Ultimate Ambitions	271

GREENBANK, PERCY

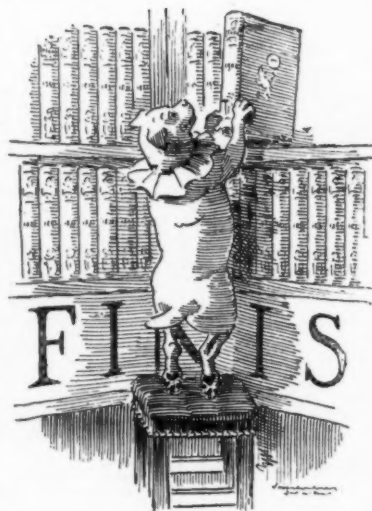
Hymen and the Herrings	24
Little Miss Mercury	67
Song of the Trailer	410

Articles—continued.

GREENBANK, PERCY	LEHMANN, R. C.	MENZIES, G. K.	SENIOR, W.
Turtledoves' Choice (The)..... 283	Pashley's Opinions..... 200, 222, 236,	Strenuous Life (The)..... 182	Extract from the Diary of a Sun
Unappreciated Genius (An)..... 236	266, 276, 206, 312, 332, 348, 374, 391,	Taken literally..... 277	Artist..... 283
GUTHRIE, ANSTEV	402, 430, 456	Tree of Knowledge (The)..... 242	Hints for Amateur Novelists..... 249
"As the Twig is Bent" &c..... 366	LODGE, ARTHUR A.	What to do with our Girls..... 162	Love and Courtship..... 224
At the Arts and Crafts..... 110	Antipathies of Great Men..... 233	MILLIGAN, E. J.	SHERINGHAM, H. T.
Flodden Field-day..... 437, 454	Manners for Musical At Homes, 113, 153	Progressive Liberty..... 365	Complete Inspector (The)..... 199
Mr. Frankenstein and his Ex-	Manners for Young Barbers..... 410	OWEN, EDMUND	Diggings (The)..... 383
tempore Promethian..... 19, 37,	LOUIS, EDWARD	"Jumble Sale" (A)..... 362	Florent Ambae..... 256
55, 73, 95	Love Letters of a Business Man..... 32	POPE, JESSIE	Hymen, O Hymenae..... 412
Mr. Jabberjee and the Durbar..... 1	LUCY, H. W.	Idyl (An)..... 428	Needs of the Nations..... 159
Our Booking-Office..... 98, 378	Essence of Parliament..... 139, 157,	Mote in his Eye (The)..... 411	SYKES, A. A.
Out with the Zoo—a Nightmare..... 350	173, 193, 213, 229, 247, 301, 319, 337,	My Rival..... 143	Cautions for April 1..... 224
Production of Mr. Jabberjee's Play,	355, 375, 427, 445, 463	Wooping (The)..... 189	"Country Lunch Club" (The)..... 415
132, 149, 167, 181	Our Booking-Office..... 4, 128, 145,	ROBERTS, W. H.	Linguistic Process (A)..... 292
Vi-kings Essence; a Norse Tragedy	164, 188, 204, 234, 251, 268, 287, 296,	Naval Reform..... 369	Made in Switzerland..... 492
in a Tea-cup..... 294, 314, 330	324, 325, 348, 377, 396, 398, 416, 440, 452	ROWAN, H.	Motor-Guys..... 151
HANKIN, ST. JOHN	Summer Land in Winter Time..... 91	Dress Rehearsals..... 403	Mr. Punch's Competition..... 235
Alas, Poor Shakespeare!..... 272	Toby, M.P., in Trinidad..... 86	Rien à Déclarer..... 180	Our Girl-Athletes..... 295
Clifford's Inn and After..... 290	Viceroy at Home (The)..... 6	RUSSELL, C. H.	Passive Anarchy..... 384
Congo "Free" State (The)..... 313	LUMLEY, LYLPH	Of Barbara..... 212	Phenomenal Heroism..... 261
Hamlet's Soliloquy..... 44	Letters from the Zoo..... 233	Returned with Thanks..... 422	Prevalent Doll-Song (The)..... 126
In Black and Blue..... 126	Mastering the Old Masters..... 59	RUSSELL, FOX	R. S. V. F..... 410
Mr. Punch's Popular Songs..... 374	MCARTHUR, P.	Fragment (A)..... 289	Secular Processes..... 303
Ode on the Monument to the Duke	Astronomical Trust (An)..... 392	More Confessions of a Wife..... 44, 68	Walking Notes..... 311
of Wellington..... 60	Great Misunderstood (The)..... 243, 385	Our Point to Point Luncheon..... 242	"Whatwhats"..... 390
Pity the Poor Landowner!..... 134	Our Dumb Pets..... 293	RUXTON, ARTHUR F.	VARLEY, PERCY
Point of "View" (A)..... 431	MARSHALL, A. H.	Song of Zoolibee (A)..... 321	Answers to Correspondents..... 288
Pooh-poohri from a Surrey Back	Hard Case (A)..... 179	SEAMAN, OWEN	WALSHE, DOUGLAS
Garden..... 218	MARTIN, N. R.	Burnley Benedick (The)..... 362	Ladies' Turn (The)..... 356
Simpler Life (The)..... 269	Anticipations..... 460	Epilogues..... 465	Sanguinary Suggestion (A)..... 52
Sporting Offer (A)..... 322	Anti-Rate Agitations..... 79	Flowing Tide (The)..... 200	WEBB, F. G.
Unappreciated Genius (An)..... 347	Inner Circle (The)..... 127	Importance of being Candid (The)..... 206	New Excelsior (The)..... 386
Union of Hearts (A)..... 100	Licensing Magistrate's Guide and	Intrusions of P..... 218	Waiting..... 82
Who is it!..... 259	Prohibitionist's Manual..... 204	Josepho Africano..... 186	WODEHOUSE, P. G.
HAY, ADMIRAL SIR J. D.	Our Parliamentary Authors..... 395	Le Monde où l'on s'affiche..... 308, 434	After the Otter..... 448
Naval Engineer (The)..... 216	Practical Politics..... 38	Love's Labour not Lost..... 308	Avenged!..... 92
HOMER, ALICE	Preparing for the Budget..... 186	New "West-Oestliche Divan"..... 240	Back to his Native Strand..... 368
"First Aid for the Injured"..... 428	MENZIES, G. K.	Our Booking-Office..... 188, 287, 452	Caution..... 169
HOPKINS, E. T.	Apologetics..... 892	Our Public Analysts..... 272	Crime and the Eyesight..... 143
Perilla's Pup..... 405	Aurea Fama..... 442	"Passive Resistance" Movement..... 544	Damon and Pythias..... 278
HUTCHINSON, A. S. M.	Bacchics..... 44	Pilgrims to the East..... 16, 31, 50	Dudley Jones, Bore-hunter..... 304, 590
1909 "First Night" (A)..... 180	Complete Prig (The)..... 234	Pilots' Strike (The)..... 380	Food for the Mind..... 27
JONES, HUGH P.	End of Woman (The)..... 178	Police Art. &c. (The)..... 254	For One Night Only..... 412
Cookless Tours..... 365	Experts Circle..... 194	Support Home Industries..... 198	Fortcoming Society Drama (A)..... 228
KENDALL, CAPT.	Felt Want (A)..... 373	Tenton to his Turkish Sultana (The)..... 290	Haunted Tram (The)..... 421
Rhymes of the East..... 143, 262, 422, 458	Modest Want (A)..... 359	Unhappy Warrior (The)..... 152	Last Instance (The)..... 230
LEHMANN, R. C.	My Lady Nicotine..... 206	Upon Adolphus..... 164	Lost Leader (The)..... 154
Children's Friends (The)..... 98	My Masters..... 455	Wagner Dialogue (A)..... 526	New System (The)..... 72
Daring of Jones (The)..... 196	New Helicon (The)..... 342	When We Sleeping Beauties..... 844	Next Invasion (The)..... 482
Delhi Durbar (The)..... 4	Petticoat Tale (A)..... 401	"Where they do agree"..... 416	Our Magistrates..... 404
How to Get On..... 30, 45, 80, 114,	Popular Fallacy (A)..... 275		Pastoral (A)..... 242
142, 146	Signs of the Times..... 258		Servant Problem (The)..... 886
Open Mind (The)..... 438	Silent Member (The)..... 404		War-Office Enquiry (A)..... 266

Pictures and Sketches.

ARMOUR, G. DENHOLM..... 17, 28, 34, 46, 59, 87,	
97, 118, 149, 195, 231, 259, 279, 297, 316,	
325, 357, 361, 388, 403, 419, 439	
ATKINSON, J. P..... 54	
BARROW, A. S..... 24	
BAUMER, LEWIS..... 333	
BOOTH, J. L. C..... 89, 144, 351, 385, 413	
BOYD, A. S..... 405, 411, 415	
BROCK, C. E..... 18, 33, 53, 100, 154, 177, 181,	
267, 447	
BROOKE, L. L..... 109, 141, 145	
BUCHANAN, FRED..... 358	
CARTER, R. C..... 36, 41, 126, 179, 251, 287,	
343, 373, 409	
CLEAVER, RALPH..... 397	
COTERON, MAX..... 72	
GILL, ARTHUR..... 85, 113, 198	
GREIG, JAMES..... 197, 459	
HALKETT, G. R..... 5, 49, 103, 125, 131, 161,	
180, 205, 239, 305, 322, 323, 341	
HARRISON, CHARLES..... 162, 324, 429, 451	
HARTRICK, A. G..... 225	
HISCOCK, E. F..... 271	
HOPKINS, E..... 105	
HUSKINSON, E..... 387	
JALLAND, G. H..... 8, 71, 127, 171, 223, 241, 269,	
431	
LEWIN, F. G..... 67, 124, 216, 288, 304, 369,	
421, 450	
LOUGHBRIDGE, H. G..... 349	
MACHUTCHON, F..... 270, 394	



MAYBANK, T..... 3, 303, 379, 433	
MAY, PHIL..... 15, 27, 43, 63, 81, 99, 115, 133,	
151, 169, 189, 211, 221, 243, 261, 283, 293,	
307, 331, 347, 365, 383, 401	
MILLS, WALLIS..... 64, 249, 329	
NORTON, VAL..... 142, 234, 451	
O'NEIL, H..... 108	
PARTRIDGE, BERNARD..... 19, 37, 55, 73, 95	
PEARNS, CHARLES..... 35, 153, 163, 253, 373, 449	
RACEY, S. J..... 88	
RAVEN-HILL, L..... 7, 23, 51, 57, 79, 91, 123,	
135, 159, 172, 190, 203, 226, 244, 262, 280,	
298, 313, 334, 352, 370, 391, 406, 424, 432,	
442, 456, 460	
REED, E. T..... 6, 16, 31, 61, 62, 77, 78, 121,	
122, 139, 140, 157, 158, 175, 176, 193, 194,	
213, 214, 229, 247, 248, 265, 285, 301, 302,	
319, 321, 338, 339, 342, 355, 356, 376, 376,	
393, 427, 428, 445, 446, 463, 464	
RICHARDSON, R. J..... 199	
SAMBOURNE, E. LINLEY..... 1	
SMITH, A. T..... 45, 108, 117, 187, 252, 457	
SPURRIER, W. R..... 277, 295	
STAMPA, G. L..... 25, 185, 203, 217, 257, 276, 311,	
423, 437, 455	
STUDDY, G. E..... 337, 441	
TAYLOR, GEORGE..... 233, 414	
WALSHE, J. C..... 395	
WHEELER, E. J..... 340	
WILSON, DAVID..... 69, 82, 106, 136, 167, 207,	
289, 315, 367	

